THE COMPANION

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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FOR THE EDITOR.

THE SPY.

No. IV.—SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1806.

Rare as true love is, it is less so than true friendship. The generality of friends put us out of conceit with friendship; as the generality of religious people put us out of conceit with religion.
ROCHEFOUCAULT.

PRIOR in his beautiful poem of Henry and Emma, has a charming allegory of the fidelity of true love:—When Henry depicts in lively colours the dangers and disadvantages she must inevitably encounter in being the companion of his flight, she replies,

Did I but purpose to embark with thee
On the smooth surface of a summer sea,
While gentle zephyrs play with fav'ring gales
And fortune's favors fill the swelling sails;
But would forsake the ship and make the shore
When the winds whistle and the tempests roar?

If the noble sentiment contained in these lines, was more frequently realized, as regarded friendship, in active life, much would the sphere of solid and substantial enjoyment be enlarged. That it is little more than a name, general experience, may be appealed to with confidence and with regret.

The Chesterfieldian maxims too plainly discover how little the conduct and professions of those around us are to be relied on as sincere and disinterested. No man knew the world better than his lordship. He saw how beautiful and dignified the image of true friendship was, but recommends only an imitation of it as more conducive to self-interest and security than the reality. Rochefoucault could trace no such thing as disinterested friendship, and La Bruyere has so little suspicion of its reality that he says, "We seek for happiness beyond ourselves in those "whom we know to be flatterers, insincere, full of en-"vy, caprices and prejudices."

Eminently formed as we are, for the realization of true friendship, and seeing that the chief requisites for it are to be found in those social virtues which moral writers have pronounced the basis of happiness and virtue; it would seem extraordinary that so choice a fruit should be so rare. We are generally sincere and firm in our love to the object of our affections; we have no deception in the exercise of filial or paternal duties, but in those which belong to friendship, the heart must not be too closely probed to be assured of its sincerity. If friendship is a reality, where is she to be found? Look steadily, and you will finally close your researches in the bosom of your family: amongst those who have one common undivided interest with you. If we look around, we see many associations indeed; apparently many close links, which a length of time seems to have rendered more firm—but a nice examination too often discovers, how easily they are rent asunder and that too frequently the slightest spell dissolves the charm of friendship. A descent from affluence to poverty opens the eyes to a thousand faults and misconducts never before discoverable—we are then no longer benefitted by association. Interest or reputation is no longer concerned: and the altered countenance and ready advice, couched in terms of supercilious consequence, betray the estrangement of friendship. In the extreme pangs of sickness, convenience must be first consulted before the kindly visit is proffered; the dispatch of a vessel or the making a pot of pickles are sufficient reasons for the delay. When death with unrelenting obstinacy forces the devoted victim to visit that bourne, from whence there is no return; feeble is the sigh that is heard, and short is the date of recollection. Remembrance indeed is but a mere term. Even whilst attending the last sad rites; whilst the body which has been known in the social circle for years, lays before us divested of its energy; the com-

mon place topics of the day are agitated, and the scene once abandoned, the *memory* of the *friend* goes along with it. In one little week the deceased is as if he had never been; and the tongue prone to detract is often more prompt to dwell upon his failings, than recal his virtues. This is no mock description; this is no phantom conjured up by a gloomy and desponding imagination: too many instances occur daily to vouch for the reality—and the records of the poet and the historian, the labours of the dramatic writer and the closet analysis of the moral philosopher, all unite to afford one general experience of the melancholy reality.

It may now be asked, what is the tendency of such an exordium? Is the intention to add to the miseries already thickly scattered by creating a general distrust and suspicion. By no means. The picture is no doubt a gloomy one, and I believe few that examine it closely, will be inclined to dispute its accuracy; but beneficial lessons may be afforded, though some of the warmest impulses of the youthful heart may be checked by them.

The lesson is meant, to prevent the thoughtless indulgence of professions by which nothing is intended; and to guard the unwary against cherishing too sanguinely the fond hope of unshaken friendship.

It is to prevent their becoming the dupes of themselves and others—to guard against chagrin, disappointment and misanthropy, and to have some just idea of what we may expect from others before plunging into the vortex of the world; to calculate upon no one as a friend until severe trials have warranted his pretensions; in the hour of need and at the bed of sickness he may be found; when others fly, he will be near.

When such a one is found—"grapple him to your heart with hooks of steel," and prize the treasure as your "heart's core."

Similarity of taste, conformity of interest, coincidence of opinion, unite men often together for a long period.—One little diversity frequently changes the title, and more bitter animosity is the consequence. Any one may observe of what little meaning the word is, with females particularly. None appear so closely interwoven—none so inseparable—none so full of disinterested professions as the youthful and single fair ones. But of her who is left single of the faithful pair, we may exclaim with Viola, "Poor lady, she were better love a dream." For the word matrimony has reduced this boasted blessing to a blank. They then discover how perfectly independant they are of each other. New scenes and pursuits open upon their view, and it is perceived that similarity of situation, and mutual views, with interested confidence, were wh cemented the tie, and not a well founded attachme resulting from mutual esteem and affection.

I believe most women will allow that their husban absorb all their stores of friendship. If they did not th had certainly better have avoided the marriage state.

After writing thus far I laid down my pen and recli ing in my easy chair, began to ruminate upon this m lancholy subject with rather more seriousness than thought such an Epicurean Spy as myself was capable o It was not long before I insensibly fell into a profou sleep. My senses were not steeped in absolute forgetfu ness, and methought a being as mild and beneficent ever appeared to the disturbed vision of man stood bef me. Turn thine eyes, said he, to that bustling crow which seems too busy to look much to the right or le as they perform their peregrinations through this world pilgrimage. I looked and beheld a numerous throng i deed, which appeared totally absorbed in prosecuti some scheme or other whose ultimate tendency was ha piness. An engaging nymph named Friendship, wh smile was sweetness and whose eyes shone with a lus full of benignity and kindness, seemed to be very inte in her attentions to many of these heedless beings. No avoided her embrace, though few returned it with th heartfelt sincerity and satisfaction which impelled her t wards them.

Amidst the train who appeared to pay her any atte tion, I perceived two, that seemed actuated by a mutu attachment and upon whom the nymph smiled with mo than common satisfaction. Upon a closer view I fou they were of that class of society who are eternally aimi at riches through the assistance of commerce. Many profitable scheme they had planned together and no could betray more anxiousness of mutual benefit and s tisfaction.

Their hearts however (through the magic influence the being who stood beside me) lay open to my inspecti and I soon discovered that one of them had the realit the other the semblance of true friendship. He in who power it was, the most to confer superior benefits, b credit, means and talents, was sincere and did what w possible to promote the interest of his companion; but was evident that the friendship and attention of the oth proceeded entirely from the consciousness of a benefit an interest which depended totally upon such advice and as sistance, and would be as lasting as they were useful an desirable to him and no longer.

In another part of the group were two who considere

themselves as holding some rank in literature and regarded with indifference the less elevated occupations of their companions around them. I soon perceived that they were both readers and writers, and that their intimacy arose from the mutual praises and admiration each lavishly bestowed on the other's talents and productions. Upon a nearer scrutiny it was obvious that their adulations were liberally granted to extort a reciprocal quantity of flattery and compliment.

Here I saw a collection of *good* fellows, sworn friends and associates, who were ready to fight or die for each other, but who were very fond of the jovial table and all its delights. I soon perceived they did not care one farthing for each other, and that when the claret and champaigne were fairly exhausted as well as their pockets, they would forget they had ever been companions.

There I beheld a couple of females who seemed animated with a pure and ardent attachment for each other. They were absolutely inseparable and seemed to care for no body else, so they could wander by purling streams, in shady groves, intent upon each other's conversation. It required no great penetration (gifted as I was) to find out they were both in love, and that the grand cement of their union was a mutual recital of the accomplishments and merits of their beloved swains and a perpetual confession to each other of the pangs and hopes produced by that tyrant love.

In another place were numbers that looked upon the engaging nymph with delight and self-congratulation.—Some great politician or other, who had an eye to public life, had been squeezing their hands, and telling them of his devotion for them and their interests, and had so far gained upon their affection as to secure their adoration for the fair one who had till then courted their attention in vain.

My mind finally became so agitated with its constant disappointment in not meeting with any instances of disinterested and pure friendship, that I started from my chair wide awake. Good heavens! exclaimed I, if the mere semblance of friendship is so estimable as to seduce all, into the practice of it, how invaluable must the precious reality be in this vale of tears!—we may well say with the poet,

"Celestial happiness! whene'er she stoops
To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds;
And one alone, to make her sweet amends,
For absent heav'n—the bosom of a friend."

FOR THE COMPANION.

Of all the characters who have adorned the present æra of literature, none has shone so eminently conspicuous as the late sir William Jones. To a fund of various and recondite literature he added the more elegant accomplishments of imagination and taste, accompanied by those habits of industry which are too often not the concomitants of genius. Nor were the virtues of his heart surpassed by the lustre of his talents. The warm piety, the extended benevolence which breathe throughout his writings, will be honourable to his name, when the vain and gilded rhapsodies of his contemporaries shall be lost and forgotten. In an age characterised by every extravagance of manners and philosophy, it is pleasing to reflect that a character like sir William Jones, gave his sanction to the cause of religion and virtue, and stands a memorable proof, that the pure doctrines of christianity meet the assent of superior and exalted minds. It has long been a reproach to polite literature that some of its most elegant and accomplished votaries have been the disciples of a pernicious and infidel philosophy. Profound talents, however, will always be found opposed to the doctrines of impiety, since they contradict the clearest principles of reason. There is a species of genius more distinguished by a character of wit and sprightliness, than profound and philosophic research, which has not unfrequently been connected with vicious and degenerate morals. Such was that host of infidel philosophers in France, whose pernicious dogmas have thrown Europe into anarchy, and loosened upon mankind the dogs of rage and war. But what is Voltaire, a Diderot, a Rousseau, compared with a sir Francis Bacon, a Locke, a Newton; those herculean geniuses for whose comprehensive grasp of thought no proposition was too complex, no science too unbounded. To this list of worthies let us add the name of sir William Jones; and may his example ever animate those who combat the doctrines of a false and infamous philosophy. Lord Teignmouth's memoirs of his life is a work we cannot too highly recommend to every class of readers. To the young it will afford a noble incitement to seize the first honours of genius; in it the philosopher may mark the gradual developement of a mind rapid and extensive, and the christian see an example of that religion which teaches us to unite the wisdom of the serpent with the innocence of the dove.

A.

ORATION,

ON THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY COLUMBUS.

Pronounced in Alexandria, by a young gentleman of 14 *years of age,* 11*th of February* 1806.

No age has refused to celebrate the deeds of the virtuous, the great, and the good. The eloquence of Greece and Rome was employed in the praise of their warriors and heroes. In the ages of Gothic barbarity, that dark night of ignorance and superstition, when majestic Rome fell from the summit of glory, the songs of the bard celebrated, though in rude strains, the feats of valorous knights, and daring heroes.

If then, in the throng, which has crowded to offer the incense of praise, to the memory of Columbus, a youth, struck with admiration at the relation of his great achievements, should, with the consciousness of his inability, and with timid steps, attempt his eulogy, let your indulgence be extended to his youth and inexperience.

In perusing the records of departed periods, and contemplating the rise and fall of states and empires, no event in the annals of any nation, arrests our attention with greater force, than the discovery of America; an event which has enlarged the limits of commerce and trade, given new life to genius and industry, extended the region of science and literature, and opened a new and ample field, for the speculations of the philosopher and the politician. We reflect with admiration on the genius, which rising greatly superior to every prejudice of the age, and surmounting every obstacle, persisted boldly in a design, which to an inhabitant of the Roman world, would have appeared "but the baseless fabric of a vision."—Towards the close of the 15th century, Venice and Genoa were the only powers of Europe, whose entire support was derived from commerce. A mutual rivalship subsisted between them; but some years before the present period Genoa had been allowed to possess the superiority. But a destructive war happening in the east, the Genoese possessions were involved in the general calamity, and in consequence of this revolution, Venice obtained a decided superiority over her competitor. To share with Venice, the rich and opulent trade to India, was now the object of every European power, and for this purpose, they were making the most vigorous exertions.

In this state were affairs at the close of the 15th century; a period crowded with great events, and which must ever be interesting, to the inquisitive reader.

1447 gave birth to Columbus; the genius destined to display a new world, to the wondering eyes of Europe.—The vastness of his genius, shone forth in the morning of life. Ready in comprehending every science, however abstruse and difficult, he gave early presages of his future greatness.

The design which has rendered his name immortal, and which in every age since its accomplishment, has raised the voice of the eulogist in his praise, he conceived in early youth, and from that period strove with every power he was master of, for its accomplishment.

With dutiful respect and patriotic affection, he in 1474, first communicates his design to the senate of his own country; but with stupid indifference they reject it as chimerical, and the principles on which it was founded as absurd.

With indignation he retires, to seek in a more favourable court, the encouragement due to the greatness of his designs.

After encountering with perseverance, many discouraging obstacles, he at last obtains the patronage of one of the principal monarchs of Europe, and through the instrumentality of a woman, obtains a force sufficient for the execution of his designs.

Oh Isabella! thy remembrance shall ever be dear to our hearts! the ornament of thy sex, thou participatest the glory of discovering a new world!!

On the 3d of August 1492, Columbus sails from the coast of Spain.

After a tedious voyage, discovers America, the object of all his labours.

When the companions of his voyage had given themselves up to despair, when his sailors had mutinied and had threatened to consign their commander to the mercy of the waves, when even the breast of Columbus himself was disturbed by many an anxious doubt, the sight of land revives their hearts, the breast of the sailor beat high with expectation, and tears of joy bedew his rough cheek.

Thus in the space of 36 days, did Columbus accomplish a voyage, which he had spent nearly his whole life in projecting; which gave a new spring of enterprize to the inhabitants of Europe, and which has consecrated his name upon the altar of immortality.

He surveys with attention many of the islands of the vast Archipelago, which by the mistake of the age was styled the West Indies, and returns with exultation to Europe.

In crossing the Atlantic, he again displays that greatness of soul, which shone conspicuous in all his actions.

In the the hour of a tempest, when the contending elements roared aloud over his head, and when he every m

ment expected his ship to be buried in the waves of the ocean, he retires with intrepid calmness to his cabin, to preserve by some means, the account of the discovery he had made.

But "Omnipotence pleases to hush the storm," and Columbus arrives in Spain, to receive the plaudits of an admiring nation.

Again he visits the new world. He finds that fell dæmon, discord, spreading its baleful wing over his infant settlement, and the subjects of Spain involved in disputes, with the natives of the island. By his prudence, foresight, and sagacity, he diverts the impending storm, and again restores peace and security to the infant colony.

Arriving in Spain, he again commits himself to the fury of the ocean; and in this, his third voyage, discovers the continent.

Wearied with incessant care, and exhausted by the fatigue, attendant on his enterprises, he returns to Hispaniola.

But instead of the rest and repose which he had expected, he finds the colony again distracted by sedition, reduced by disease and debauchery, and finally, on suspicion of treachery, is himself seized, and sent home in chains.

But that greatness of mind and vastness of genius, which had enabled him to conceive and execute a design, which displayed a new creation, to wondering nations, shone forth in his countenance and inspired reverence and awe. Impressed with these sensations, the master of the ship in which he was confined, offers to ease him of the irons which disgraced him: but Columbus nobly declares, that this favour shall be rendered him by none but his sovereign.

Upon his arrival in Spain, his sovereign ashamed of the irons, with which he had ordered him to be loaded, commanded him to be released.

But Columbus could not forget the indignity, which had been offered him. He preserved the fetters, hung them up in his apartment, and ordered them to be buried in his grave.

In the prosecution of his favourite design, a western passage to the East-Indies, Columbus again, though in an inferior station, sails to America.

Excluded from the ports of Hispaniola, and driven by tempests upon the coasts of Jamaica, he suffers the most cruel hardships, unpitied and unsuccoured, by the merciless governor of Hispaniola.

When at last he obtained relief, he returned to Spain, where soliciting in vain for his violated rights, he lingered away a year in poverty and neglect, and died almost unnoticed by a nation, to whose astonished sight he had displayed a new world.

If we view this great and illustrious man, in every stage and in every scene of his life, whether struggling in the storms of adversity, or wafted swiftly along by the prosperous gales of fortune, we shall find him deficient in no quality, which constitutes the truly noble, great and generous character. His penetrating genius soared aloft above the common flights of the age, and enabled him to comprehend the most abstruse and difficult subjects.—Constancy and patience, fortitude and a ready invention, prudence and gratitude, are the characteristics of this great man, whose name will ever be dear to posterity.

Three centuries have elapsed since the bright morn of the discovery of America. Could the venerable shade of Columbus once more visit this terrestrial globe, and view this favoured land; could he listen to the tale of its glorious struggle for liberty; could he attend to the narrative of the feats of its warriors and heroes, the counsels of its statesmen and patriots; could he behold the smiling face of peace, plenty and liberty in these United States, without feeling the warm sensation of pleasure thrilling through his heart, and the furrowed brow once more be relaxed in a smile of exultation!!

Look down with complacency venerable spirit, on the sons of America! Thy memory shall flourish in the breasts of freemen, till the last shock of time shall bury the kingdoms of the earth in undistinguished ruin.

FOR THE COMPANION.

Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundis res ornant, adversis solatium et perfugium, præbent; delectant domi, non impediunt foris; pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur. TULL.

These studies improve youth, delight old age, are the ornament of prosperity, and refuge of adversity; please at home, are no incumbrance abroad; lodge with us, travel with us, and retire into the country with us.

I mean in the present paper to designate the advantages arising from polished manners and a cultivated mind, acting under the influence of religion. The absence of these accomplishments engender much of the mischief I fear too incident to human nature. To avert this mischief, if possible, will be the pride of my life—if I fail, it will be the weakness of my own intellects, not any want of impressive power in this subject. Let me fairly own the arguments will arise principally from a very ingenious sermon, little known, in which both have been most ably discussed. Of the effect of polished manners, little talent

require to be called forth in proof of their influence on society. All admire them—and all feel the admiration they excite; their acquisition is a general wish; to follow nature is the best mean of attainment. Correctly speaking this cannot be supported without *sterling principle*—without this aid the exhibition is pantomimic, and the insincerity easily detected. The effect comes home to every bosom—it is *dazzling* and *electric*.

Of the advantages arising from a cultivated mind it is impossible to speak without rapture. Those only who enjoy them can conceive the exquisite satisfaction they afford; how they calm the passions, soften and harmonize the temper, elevate the sentiments, and sublime the soul. Knowledge opens and amplifies all the natural faculties. As the plant is first formed in the seed, but incapable of growth without cultivation, thus education cherishes, enlarges, and expands every fibre of genius into its full growth; spreads the splendid flowers, and ripens the growing fruit. Without knowledge, says an ancient writer, life itself is death; it is indeed worse than temporal death.

Shakespear says—"Ignorance is the curse of God; knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven."—Knowledge not only fortifies the reason; but by innocent employment so pre-occupies the mind, as to leave no opportunity for the solicitation of dangerous desires. Vice therefore seldom profanes the hallowed closets of the studious; and the quiet search after wisdom is not only itself a virtue, but the security of many others. Religious impressions form the great arcana of happiness.—On these depend the whole of future existence; all the rectitude of temporal life, and all the dearest interests of eternity, all that can secure us through a passage avowedly dangerous—most commonly fatal; all that can secure to us that which is transcendent—the chief object of our existence. It is religion which connects the present scene with the future, which forms an inseparable interest between earth and heaven; which lifts us from sense and perishable objects to spiritual refinement. Religion sublimes all our terrestrial affections; inspires not only the most elevated desires, but shews us the best use of the world in which we live and act. Well has it been observed, "The man united by religious instruction to higher in-"terests enjoys the most exquisite communion; angels "are his guardians and protectors; a redeemer is his "consolation, and God himself is his friend."

CATO.

Mr. Easy,

The following lines were found on the desk of a gentleman whom it seems has been cruelly disappointed in love. I hope you will publish them as being the only effectual way to shame him for so ungenerous an attack upon our sex. ELIZA ******.

Depend not on the vows of artful woman!
Oh! she can blast more joys in a smile
Disturb more peaceful bosoms with a look
Than time can count on———
Oh! fatal hour that brought this fatal curse
And so connected it with human works
That each must be partaker in these wiles
Which surely bring destruction in the end!
Oh man! what art thou:———
If by the the single varying of a muscle
Tho' only so much as will feed desire,
Without the faintest shadow of a hope
Thou fetterest with thy very life thy poison
Gracious and just omnipotent! for what end
For what purpose was I created?
To be the fond the willing tool of ruthless woman?
To study her desires?—to please her follies?
To court each nod and gratify each wish?
And still to be detested, shun'd, and mock'd—
Why this would make an angel fret
And yet I live—experience—pray to live,
Still keeping in the wanton track of folly—
But I will end it tho' non-existence follow. H. R.

[A desponding swain indeed!]

FOR THE COMPANION.

IMPROMPTU.

*On seeing Miss D**** look at the sun when eclipsed.*

In vain the moon and clouds combine,
To turn the day to night;
Whilst thus *thine* eyes, fair maid, are rais'd
There ever will be light. W.

VARIETY.

The following extract from the advertisement of a Boston wig-maker shews that this knight of the curling-irons deals in internal as well as external ornament for the pericranium. "He offers an extensive variety of ladies' perukes, frizzets and toupees, of the Grecian and Brutus forms, with all the improvements that have *emanated from the great fountain*, by the late arrivals, and of every complexion. The young gentleman and the aged sire can be accommodated with wigs suitable to their ages that are so perfect an imitation of nature, as to baffle the nicest investigation."

Propositions and solutions.—Translated from Quevedo.

1. To oblige all handsome women to follow, if you are a man, and the rich gallants, if you are a woman.

Be sure always to keep before them when they are going.

2. To be sure of a good reception wherever you go! *and it is infallible.*

Give something in every place, and you will find so good a reception, that you will have cause to repent.

3. To make the woman you love run after you wherever you go, though you have never seen her but once in your life.

Steal what she has, and she will pursue you to the end of the world.

4. That men and women may grant all you ask of them.

Desire the women to take all you have, and the men to give you nothing, and they will all grant it.

5. To be rich.

If you have money keep it; and if you have not, do not covet it, and you will be rich enough.

6. To come at any woman without ever failing.

If she walks, put on; if she puts on, run; if she runs, fly; and you'll soon come at her.

7. That the cloaths you have may never wear out.

Tear them to rags yourself, and they will not wear out.

8. To be in great esteem.

Get much money, live luxuriously, and treat all that come near you.

9. To prevent growing old.

Keep always in the sun in summer, and in the wet in winter; never give yourself rest; fret at every thing that happens; eat your meat cold and drink water.

THE CATERPILLAR,

IMPROPERLY CALLED THE POPLAR-WORM.

We have taken some pains to examine the caterpillar which has of late occasioned so much apprehension.—There is nothing singular attached to this animal; there can be no venemous properties belonging to it: it has been well known since the time of Aristotle, most probably indeed since the earliest capacity in man to observe. Volumes have been written on the transformations to which it is destined, it has been handled and minutely examined by thousands, and until the discussions by which the public mind has been for some weeks agitated, evil effects from its bite, or in any other way have in no instance been noticed.

The following is the description of it by the indefatigable Reaumur.

Caterpillars have two kinds of feet, one named horney, because they are covered with a kind of shining cartilage. The other feet are membranous, because they are enveloped by a soft flexible skin. It is common to all caterpillars to have six horney feet, three on each side, which grow out of the three first rings, and are therefore designated the anterior or first feet. The number of membranous feet vary, and according to this variety are the caterpillars classed. There are two posterior feet by which the animal fastens upon what is within its reach, and by means of which, as from a fixed point, it proceeds in its several motions. It is especially by the number and arrangement of the intermediate feet that the caterpillars are classed. The first class is characterised by having four on each side, that is to say sixteen in all, six horney, eight membranous, and two posterior feet. The most superficial inspection will ascertain that this is the insect in question which is invariably transformed into a butterfly, and which if injurious to the human race, as to our orchards and indeed almost every species of tree, for it is not confined to the poplar, must have long since depopulated the earth. The bag that has been observed, and supposed to contain the venom is only the excrements which are evacuated from the vent near the tail, and therefore far removed from the mouth, the only possible seat of danger. We hope this will quiet the public mind, and contribute to preserve the first ornament of our cities from the precipitate destruction to which the imaginary fears of those who have not taken sufficient care to examine might expose them.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are extremely sorry that we cannot present our readers with a third number of the "SYLPH" this week. Although we received one, it came too late to be prepared in time for publication. The absence of the Sylph, we think every one, who relishes the true attic, must regret.

At this eventful crisis, when the ridiculous vanity of many amongst us leads them to court the luxury and the vices of Europe, without liberality and taste, to rival their refinement and their virtues, we are proud of the aid honourably afforded by the polite assiduity of an enlightened SPY.

On looking over our file of the Companion we read over some poetry of LEANDER'S, which had before escaped our observation. We were just about to take up the pen to entreat that he would renew his remembrance of us, when a piece was brought in, which we found with the greatest pleasure bore his signature—we hope he will not again forget us.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TITANIA TO HER GOLDFINCH.

Charming little warbler, say,
In thy yellow plumage dress'd;
Why is hush'd thy tuneful lay,
What disturbs thy harmless breast.

Late, with music soft and clear,
Thou didst fill thy little throat;
While full oft I've linger'd near,
Pleas'd to hear thy mellow note.

But no more that note is heard,
At the early hour no more—
Pensive droops my sweetest bird,
And the love of song is o'er.—

Say, does restles memory lead,
Back to joys, no longer known,
Picturing many a rill and mead,
When fair freedom was thy own?

And does fancy paint the grove,
Where, full oft on early wing,
Thou hast sped to meet thy love,
And the morning mattin sing?

And are all thy pleasures o'er?
Wilt thou droop—ah! wilt thou die?
There—now open is the door;
Quit thy cage and instant fly.

Go, for hark! thy lover's lay,
Calls thee to her widow'd breast;
"Come," it says "O! come away,
"Haste, for here dwell peace and rest.

Free from care, and free from pain,
Now thy little wings unfold—
Now, far off I hear thy strain;
Fare thee well, sweet bird of gold. LEANDER.

Mr. Easy,

The following was sent by a gentleman of genius and erudition to his landlord, who sent the answer which is annexed—Should you deem them worthy of publication, you are requested to insert them in the Companion.

If it be, my dear landlord, undoubtedly true
That all men of liberal minds
Take delight in relieving distresses—then *you*
Must grant us Venetian blinds.

To *roast* your poor tenants is a practice, I'm sure,
Altogether unkind and inhuman,
And such as was never adopted before
By "man that is born of a woman."

How others may bear it, I really know not—
I myself am peculiarly fretted;
Since such is my cruelly—singular lot
That I'm not only *roasted* but *sweated.*

Not a cupboard, nor closet, nor beaufet have we
Nor shelf neither fix'd nor yet pensile,
No fast'ning of any kind, door lock or key
To lock up a single utensil.

Our bread and our butter, our sugar and tea
Are expos'd to the ravenous paws
Of the cats, (and alas! how unhappy are we!)
The children's more ravenous jaws.

To talk of the mercy of those who have none
Were to make an impertinent noise;
Trust children with sugar? 'tis very fine fun
To expect *sweet* forbearance from boys!

My back yard is unpaved not a brick to be seen—
I mean the part call'd the piazza;
'Tis as true, I declare, as that red is not green,
Or Jefferson's letter to Mazzei.

Then pray my *dear* landlord, consider my prayer,
And grant your poor tenant's petition—
If you do not we really can't stay where we are,
So comfortless is our condition.

But do not, good landlord, don't turn a deaf ear
To the first lines I've coupled this season;
If you do, I will tell all the world, I declare
That you'll listen to rhyme nor to reason.

Nay more—I will tell them the name you have got,
Of being excentric so very
Is not well bestow'd—or at least yours is not
Excentricity *pecuniary.*

I've spirits and brandies and gin and all that,
Which things I can truly add more to;
Good Madeira and sherry, and the wine that makes fat,
The genuine old wine of Oporto.

Deal then with your tenant whenever you want—
Keep your money to bring wood and hay—
For tho' I give credit to uncle nor aunt,
You know that Discount is good pay.

ANSWER.

Dear Sir,

Some sickness, some business have caus'd a delay
In acknowleding yours receiv'd t'other day.
And in truth your distress was so neatly pourtray'd
It was hard to resolve what reply should be made.
Your griefs you express in so pleasing a strain
'Twere a pity to banish each cause to complain.
Repairs in the first place would cost a large sum
And next I should lose by the bard being *mum.*
When the fair make requests,* I'm easily won
And as a good christian I'd ne'er leave undone,
Those things which my duty commands me to do,
But though my will's great, ah! my means are too few.
Yet as all you can ask of poor mortal man,
Is to please on occasions as well as he can,
I'll call at your house, and we won't disagree,
For I'm fond of good humour betwixt you and me.

* *Several ladies joined in the request of the tenant. The verse which contained their request was omitted.*

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